

NINETEENTH CENTURY SENTIMENT

GLADYS: "How do you like a man to propose?"

MERTIE: "By mail."

GLADYS: "But that is so prosaic."

MERTIE: "Prose goes further than poetry in a breach of promise suit."



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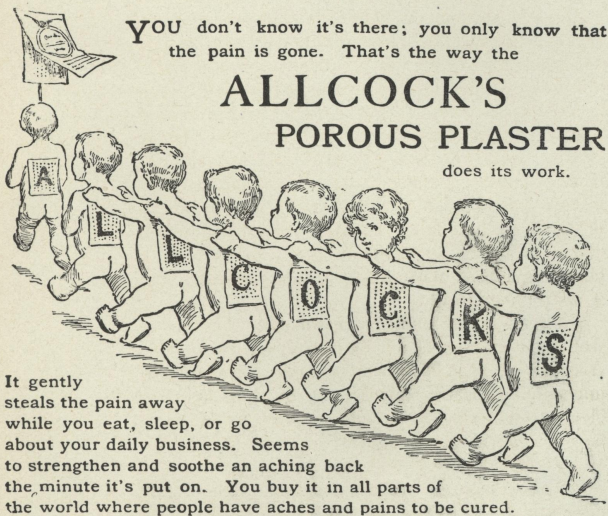
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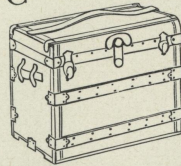
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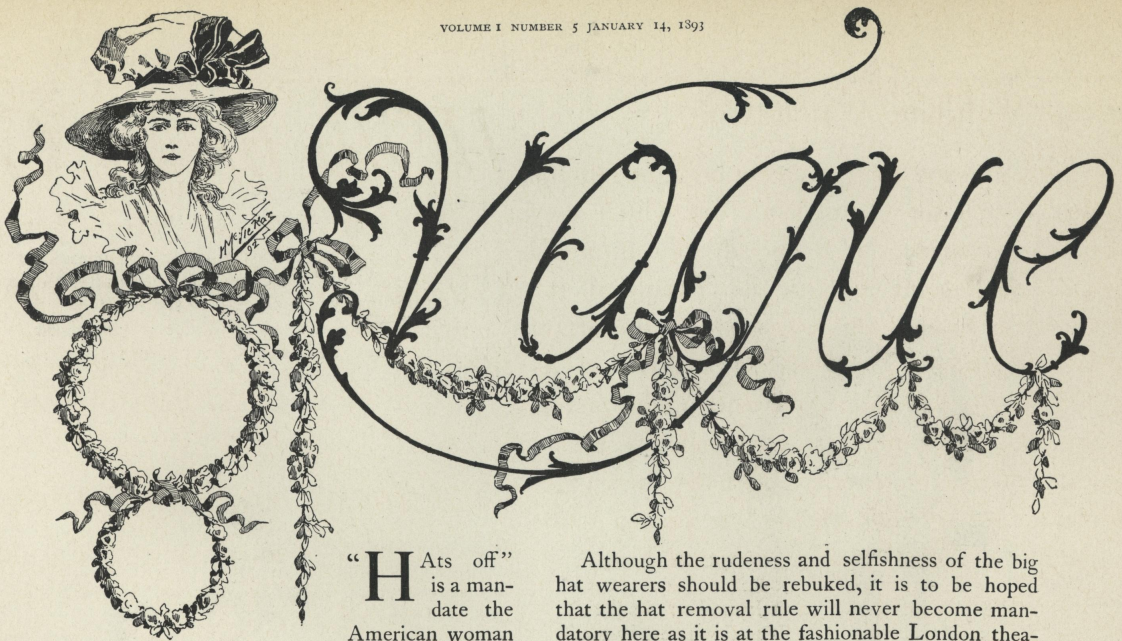
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"Hats off" is a mandate the

American woman

positively refuses to obey in the theatre, except upon occasion. Managers may prepare charmingly appointed boudoirs, and the "funny" men may be never so savage with brush and pen, but without result. Woman's head-gear is aggressive or unobtrusive, as fashion pleases, but head covered she insists upon being. Her meek English sister may accept dictation as to whether hair or millinery shall be her crowning ornament, but the American is neither to be cajoled nor compelled into turning over so important a matter to so incompetent a judge as man.

The millinery disturbers of the peace have not thought it worth their while to expend much vitality in defending their position. The clamor has nearly all come from the protestors against theatre hat wearing. Occasionally, however, a defense of the wearer is set up, and a recent one is noticeable principally for its calm disregard of the main point at issue. Ignoring the fact that she and her class are public nuisances of a peculiarly unreasonable and irritating type, the writer addresses herself solely to the task of showing her contempt for the measure suggested for her abatement as a nuisance, viz., the removal of her hat during the performance. She argues that she cannot be expected to go hatless to the theatre, and once there, hat removal and replacement are impossible. "Why?" In reply, she scornfully demands of her male critics if they realize that the well-fitting corsage they so much admire makes arm raising prohibitory? And surely they, the men, would not care to play ladies' maid and unskewer her hat? And again, hat on putting is a matter of delicate adjustment, and women are not, she contemptuously adds, accustomed to clapping on their hats much as a coal hole is covered, as is the practice of men. The managerial boudoir is impossible, with crowds of women struggling before the mirrors.

The possibility of bringing her head-covering into harmony with her environment, does not suggest itself to this ignorer of her neighbors' rights.

Although the rudeness and selfishness of the big hat wearers should be rebuked, it is to be hoped that the hat removal rule will never become mandatory here as it is at the fashionable London theatres. It is woman's prerogative to make the best of herself, and in all ages she has realized the necessity for head adornment. In any large assembly where the head and shoulders only are visible and full costume display impossible, women, unless conspicuously beautiful or outré, become merely fragments of not easily distinguished rows of heads. At the opera, the background of the box and the partitions serve to accentuate the woman and her toilette, but upon the floor of the theatre to be one of rows of bonnetless street-costumed women is simply to be obliterated. A pretty hat is a most charming accent mark and it is not surprising that woman clings to it.

There is another cogent reason why the theatre woman should not be left hatless unless she so wills. A few wise ones have been brought to realize how unbecoming theatre light is as a rule, and they very cleverly neutralize the disfiguring effects of overhead and too brilliant lighting by interposing a hat brim, which acts as a shade. In this matter of lights most women are curiously and inexcusably unobservant. One of the most fashionable New York theatres (Daly's) rewards its patrons by so lighting them as to reduce the prettiest girl to looking her "third or fourth best"; the passé and the elderly being rendered hopelessly ugly. The bane-to-beauty light floods boxes, the first balcony and the floor of the house. In the first balcony especially, it develops shadows and lines unsuspected by the unconscious owners whose faces are being played tricks with.

A little observation of a Daly audience will convince even a prejudiced no-theatre-hat advocate that woman is justified in wearing a hat as a screen against injudicious lighting, and we claim for her also the right to bonnet wearing as a means of differentiating herself from several hundred other women, if she so choose. The shape and size, however, are matters which good breeding suggests should be selected mainly with due regard to the rights of others.





EGENMET

A DUET

**B**ARITONE : Now we're engaged, if you have any brothers—

Brevet, I mean, the men whom you've refused—  
They must be on a footing with the others ;  
I won't have any mild endearments used—  
Now we're engaged.

**SOPRANO** : If you had any sister and I knew it—  
I mean a girl who said she'd be your sister—  
She should be taught the way how not to do it,  
And comprehend that you can quite resist her—  
Now we're engaged.

**BAR.** : As if I wished to look at other beauties  
Now you are mine :

**SOPR.** : As though I cared for men  
Compared to you ! I hope I know my duties.  
Of course we used to flirt, but that was THEN—  
Now we're engaged !

**BAR.** : Who was the man with top-coat lined with sable ?  
**SOPR.** : Who was the girl with bonnet trimmed with pink ?

**BAR.** : I would inform you, but I'm quite unable.  
**SOPR.** : I'd tell his name—but really I can't think—  
Now we're engaged.

**BAR.** : Now, no more lingering in conservatories,  
Under dim colored lights and tropic bowers.

**SOPR.** : Now, no more reading sentimental stories  
To girls, and giving them bonbons and flowers—  
Now we're engaged.

**BAR.** : I shall not tolerate the least flirtation,  
I warn you fairly—

**SOPR.** : Please don't be enraged,  
But—might we sometimes take a brief vacation,  
Now we're engaged ?

THE INEXPRESSIVE SHE

**MR. N. E. VERYLATE** : "Have you ceased to care for me, Adèle ? I came earlier this afternoon, and you do not even look glad to see me."

**MISS ADELE SARTEAN** : "Indeed, I am glad to see you ! But this is my hour for resting my features from all expression."

A SLOW YOUNG MAN'S TRIFLING

**MISS KEE-DICK** (to her sister) : "Mr. Linger has been coming to see me for several years, so I told him that if he had anything to say it was time he said it."

**MISS MARGARET** : "What was his reply ?"

**MISS KEE-DICK** : "The horrid thing said he never was much of a conversationalist."



SEVERE

**MISS GUSH** : "Why do they always say 'a crop of debutantes' ?"

**MR. SEAR** : "Because they are all so fresh and green, you know !"

A CAUTIOUS PHYSICIAN

"The fashionable Mrs. Tyler is ill."

"With what ?"

"The Doctor won't say. He wants to find out what the prevailing malady in society is to be this winter before he commits himself."



METALLIC LUSTRE

**MAUD** : "What bright things Mr. Ducats does say !"

**JACK** : "Yes ; they seem so at least, set in four millions solid gold !"





## PENITENT

Maud : Why are you looking so seriously at that handsome man yonder ?

Marie (sighing) : I once did him a very great wrong, I have been asking his forgiveness ever since

Maud : Dear me ! What could you have done—refused him ?

Marie : No ; I wish that I had—I married him !





## BONNETS AND HATS

For evening and reception wear full rein is given to the fancy in the matter of bonnets and hats. There is no rule laid down, except perhaps that few medium sized hats are seen. They are either very large, or very small. The capote, a charming French bonnet of diminutive size is a great favorite with fashionable matrons and young married women, and the tendency now is to make it very decorative. The capote lies perfectly flat upon the head, and is often composed wholly of one or two small wreaths of tiny flowers forming two rings one within the other, showing the hair between, with narrow strings of velvet ribbon to match the flowers crossing at the back, and fastened with a bow under the chin. Little jeweled pins fasten the loops of the bow.

A bonnet lately worn at a wedding reception was simply a twist of azure velvet encircling the top of the head, with a silver gauze butterfly in front and strings of blue and silver crossing the knot of hair at the back and passing under the chin, where they were simply fastened together by pins of silver with turquoise heads. An attractive bonnet for evening wear, just imported, is a twist of heliotrope velvet resting on a narrow band of pale gold, with a small tea rose nestling in some red brown leaves placed a little on the left side. The strings are of heliotrope tulle. A charming bonnet is made of two circles of jet in the form of tiny leaves and is finished in front with a gold aigrette and gold antennæ. It is fastened under the chin with strings of narrow gold colored velvet. Another model consists solely of a coronet-shaped wreath of blush roses with pink velvet strings. These bonnets are very frail and sometimes, were it not for the jeweled pins and strings would be well nigh invisible.

Capotes, however, are frequently made of richly tinted velvets and have little soft crowns which really cover the hair. All sorts of jeweled passementerie, embroidered crêpes and tulles enter into their composition, and notwithstanding their diminutive size they are sometimes very costly. Some very pretty capotes have made their appearance lately, and may become fashionable, as they are becoming to most faces. They are in the poke shape, and have a little wreath of rosebuds, or a tiny cluster of flowers under the brim. An example seen is made of white velvet with narrow black stripes and has a little round crown with a peaked brim, showing the cluster of white rosebuds which rests on the hair.

The capote, however, is not the only head gear for evening and reception wear. The toque has come to the front again, and it promises to be the success of the season. A pretty toque is made of three twists of pink velvet with a jet aigrette in front. Pale tinted velvets are used to make toques for dress occasions and they are frequently finished with a band of fur upon the edge. Those of black are great favorites, and when finished with jeweled



clasps and pins, are most beautiful hats. The toque is frequently converted into a bonnet, by means of strings of velvet or lace. It is generally of the Henri II type, with a soft full crown of velvet, and with either a band of fur or velvet, or with a twist of velvet as a finish around the crown.



ULTRA-DEVELOPMENT IN FUR

A small bunch of Prince of Wales feathers is sometimes placed at the side or in front. The dressy toques are suitable for theatre wear or for receptions, and are very much worn by young girls. Married women as a rule prefer the capote. Both toques and capotes are also in fashion for street and carriage wear, but then they are less ornamental, and slightly larger in size, and invariably made of

heavier materials than those in use for theatres or receptions. The capote this year is smaller than ever, fits closely to the head and is very short at the ears. Otherwise it differs little from the bonnet of last spring. Toques are lower in the crown, and have this year either a tinsel rim of velvet, a band of fur, or a wreath of flowers.

Hats for the street are of large size, and vary greatly in shape. They are frequently seen at theatres, where their towering feathers and wide spreading bows make them very objectionable; but for street wear they are suitable and effective, and are worn exclusively by young married women and young girls.

A becoming hood for evening wear is a long scarf of white crêpe de chine, gathered together in the middle of one side so as to form a capote, and finished with a little ruffle of the same and a bow of white ribbon. The ends are gathered together and fastened with a long tassel of white silk. When the scarf is placed upon the head the gathered ruffle and bow rest upon the hair over the brow, and the ends are crossed behind and brought round to tie under the chin. Another head covering for evening wear is a long scarf of white, pink, or blue chiffon, edged with swan's down. Filmy scarfs with silver or gold threads woven in their texture are pretty, although insufficiently warm head

coverings for evening wear; but it is not advisable to use any heavy fabric for the purpose, as the coiffure is likely to become disarranged. Many of the new evening wraps are furnished with hoods lined with soft silk and edged with fur, but as a rule these hoods are used only on the return from ball or opera, the light scarf being deemed sufficient protection on the way to the entertainment. Squares of soft Liberty silk, scarfs of guipure or Russian lace and embroidered tulle and gauzes, are all used instead of the warmer and perhaps more sensible hoods.

It is not unusual now to see silver or gold shoe buttons on the latest French boots. These are not, of course, put upon walking boots—but on those for carriage, reception, or house wear, when the boot is of velvet, satin, or brocade. Their use is not uncommon. In some of the French shops jeweled shoe buttons have appeared, such as turquoise, amethyst, garnets and Rhine stones, set in silver or gold. A novelty is the tips of silver or gold filagree for evening slippers. They are made so as to fit snugly, and one pair will do for all the slippers one wishes to wear. These tips are delicately made in scrolls and other pretty designs, are light and very open work, so that the slipper shines distinctly through them. Heels also are to be seen which match the tips. Evening slippers made entirely of silk passementerie are new. They are at present only made in Paris, and come in every delicate shade, as well as in black and white. The black ones are particularly chic, showing the entire foot, clad in its stocking of blue, pink, lilac, or yellow, in a fascinating way. A ribbon passed



OVER-ZEALOUS FASHION DEVOTEES

under the foot and tied in a bow upon the instep secures these fairy slippers to the feet. They are made with high heels, and the ribbon is of the same color as the slipper.



## CHARACTER STUDIES

THE FATHER OF DÉSIRÉE'S BABY—THE LOVER OF MENTINE

By Kate Chopin

AS the day was pleasant Madame Valmondé drove over to L'Abri to see Désirée and the baby.

It made her laugh to think of Désirée with a baby. Why, it seemed but yesterday that Désirée was little more than a baby herself; when Monsieur in riding through the gateway of Valmondé had found her lying asleep in the shadow of the big stone pillar.

The little one awoke in his arms and began to cry for "Dada." That was as much as she could do or say. Some people thought she might have strayed there of her own accord, for she was of the toddling age. The prevailing belief was that she had been purposely left by a party of Texans, whose canvas-covered wagon, late in the day had crossed the ferry that Coton-Maïs kept, just below the plantation. In time Madame Valmondé abandoned every speculation but the one that Désirée had been sent to her by a beneficent Providence to be the child of her affection, seeing that she was without child of the flesh. For the girl grew to be beautiful and gentle, affectionate and sincere; the idol of Valmondé.

It was no wonder, when she stood one day against the stone pillar in whose shadow she had lain asleep, eighteen years before, that Armand Aubigny riding by and seeing her there, had fallen in love with her. That was the way all the Aubignys fell in love, as if struck by a pistol shot. The wonder was, that he had not loved her before; for he had known her since his father brought him home from Paris, a boy of eight, after his mother died there. The passion that awoke in him that day, when he saw her at the gate, swept along like an avalanche, or like a prairie fire, or like anything that drives headlong over all obstacles.

Monsieur Valmondé grew practical and wanted things well considered: that is, the girl's obscure origin. Armand looked into her eyes and did not care. He was reminded that she was nameless. What did it matter about a name when he could give her one of the oldest and proudest in Louisiana? He ordered the corbeille from Paris, and contained himself with what patience he could until it arrived, then they were married.

Madame Valmondé had not seen Désirée and the baby for four weeks. When she reached L'Abri she shuddered at the first sight of it, as she always did. It was a sad looking place, which for many years had not known the gentle presence of a mistress. Old Monsieur Aubigny having married and buried his wife in France, and she having loved her own land too well ever to leave it. The roof

came down steep and black like a cowl reaching out beyond the wide galleries that encircled the yellow stuccoed house. Big, solemn oaks grew close to it, and their thick-leaved, far-reaching branches shadowed it like a pall. Young Aubigny's rule was a strict one, too, and under it his negroes had forgotten how to be gay, as they had been during the old master's easy-going and indulgent lifetime.

The young mother was recovering slowly, and lay full length, in her soft white muslins and laces, upon a couch. The baby was beside her, upon her arm, where he had fallen asleep at her breast. The yellow nurse woman sat beside a window fanning herself.

Madame Valmondé bent her portly figure over Désirée and kissed her, holding her an instant tenderly in her arms. Then she turned to the child.

"This is not the baby!" she exclaimed, in startled tones. French was the language spoken at Valmondé in those days.

"I knew you would be astonished," laughed Désirée, "at the way he has grown. The little cochon de lait! Look at his legs, mamma, and his hands and finger-nails,—real finger-nails. Zandrine had to cut them this morning. Isn't it so, Zandrine?"

The woman bowed her turbaned head majestically, "Mais si, madame."

"And the way he cries," went on Désirée, "is deafening. Armand heard him the other day as far away as La Blanche's cabin."

Madame Valmondé had never removed her eyes from the child. She picked it up and walked with it over to the window that was lightest. She scanned it narrowly, then looked as searchingly at Zandrine, whose face was turned to look across the fields.

"Yes, the child has grown, has changed;" said Madame Valmondé, slowly, as she replaced it beside its mother. "What does Armand say?"

Désirée's face became suffused with a glow that was happiness itself.

"Oh, Armand is the proudest father in the parish, I believe, chiefly because it is a boy, to bear his name; though he says, not—that he would have loved a girl as well. But I know it isn't true. I know he says that to please me. And, mamma," she added, drawing Madame Valmondé's head down to her, and speaking in a whisper, "he hasn't punished one of them—not one of them—since baby is born. Even Négrillon, who pretended to have burnt his leg that he might rest from work—he only laughed, and said Négrillon was a great scamp. Oh, mamma, I'm so happy; it frightens me."

What Désirée said was true. Marriage, and later the birth of his son, had softened Armand Aubigny's imperious and exacting nature greatly. This was what made the gentle Désirée so happy, for she loved him desperately. When he frowned she trembled, but loved him. When he smiled, she



asked no greater blessing of God. But Armand's dark, handsome face had not often been disfigured by frowns since the day he fell in love with her.

When the baby was about three months old Désirée awoke one day to the conviction that there was something in the air menacing her peace. It was at first too subtle to grasp. It had only been a disquieting suggestion; an air of mystery among the blacks; unexpected visits from far-off neighbors who could hardly account for their coming. Then a strange, an awful change in her husband's manner, which she dared not ask him to explain. When he spoke to her, it was with averted eyes, from which the old love-light seemed to have gone out. He absented himself from home; and when there, avoided her presence and that of her child, without excuse. And the very spirit of Satan seemed suddenly to take hold of him in his dealings with the slaves. Désirée was miserable enough to die.

She sat in her room, one hot afternoon, in her peignoir, listlessly drawing through her fingers the strands of her long, silky brown hair that hung about her shoulders. The baby, half naked, lay asleep upon her own great mahogany bed, that was like a sumptuous throne, with its satin-lined half-canopy. One of La Blanche's little quadroon boys—half naked too—stood fanning the child slowly with a fan of peacock feathers. Désirée's eyes had been fixed absently and sadly upon the baby, while she was striving to penetrate the threatening mist that she felt closing about her. She looked from her child to the boy who stood beside him, and back again; over and over. "Ah!" It was a cry that she could not help; which she was not conscious of having uttered. The blood turned like ice in her veins, and a clammy moisture gathered upon her face.

She tried to speak to the little quadroon boy; but no sound would come, at first. When he heard his name uttered, he looked up, and his mistress was pointing to the door. He laid aside the great, soft fan, and obediently stole away, over the polished floor, on his bare tiptoes.

She stayed motionless, with gaze riveted upon her child, and her face the picture of fright.

Presently her husband entered the room, and without noticing her, went to a table and began to search among some papers which covered it.

"Armand," she called to him, in a voice which must have stabbed him, if he was human. But he did not notice. "Armand," she said again. Then she rose and tottered towards him. "Armand," she panted once more, clutching his arm, "look at our child. What does it mean? tell me."

He coldly but gently loosened her fingers from about his arm and thrust the hand away from him. "Tell me what it means!" she cried despairingly.

"It means," he answered lightly, "that the

child is not white; it means that you are not white."

A quick conception of all that this accusation meant for her, nerved her with unwonted courage to deny it. "It is a lie—it is not true, I am white! Look at my hair, it is brown; and my eyes are gray, Armand, you know they are gray. And my skin is fair," seizing his wrist. "Look at my hand—whiter than yours, Armand," she laughed hysterically.

"As white as La Blanche's," he said cruelly; and went away leaving her alone with their child.

When she could hold a pen in her hand, she sent a despairing letter to Madame Valmondé.

"My mother, they tell me I am not white. Armand has told me I am not white. For God's sake tell them it is not true. You must know it is not true. I shall die. I must die. I cannot be so unhappy, and live."

The answer that came was as brief:

"My own Désirée: Come home to Valmondé—back to your mother who loves you. Come with your child."

When the letter reached Désirée she went with it to her husband's study; and laid it open upon the desk before which he sat. She was like a stone image: silent, white, motionless after she placed it there.

In silence he ran his cold eyes over the written words. He said nothing. "Shall I go, Armand?" she asked in tones sharp with agonized suspense.

"Yes, go."

"Do you want me to go?"

"Yes, I want you to go."

He thought Almighty God had dealt cruelly and unjustly with him; and felt, somehow, that he was paying Him back in kind when he stabbed thus into his wife's soul. Moreover he no longer loved her, because of the unconscious injury she had brought upon his home and his name.

She turned away like one stunned by a blow, and walked slowly towards the door, hoping he would call her back.

"Good-bye, Armand," she moaned.

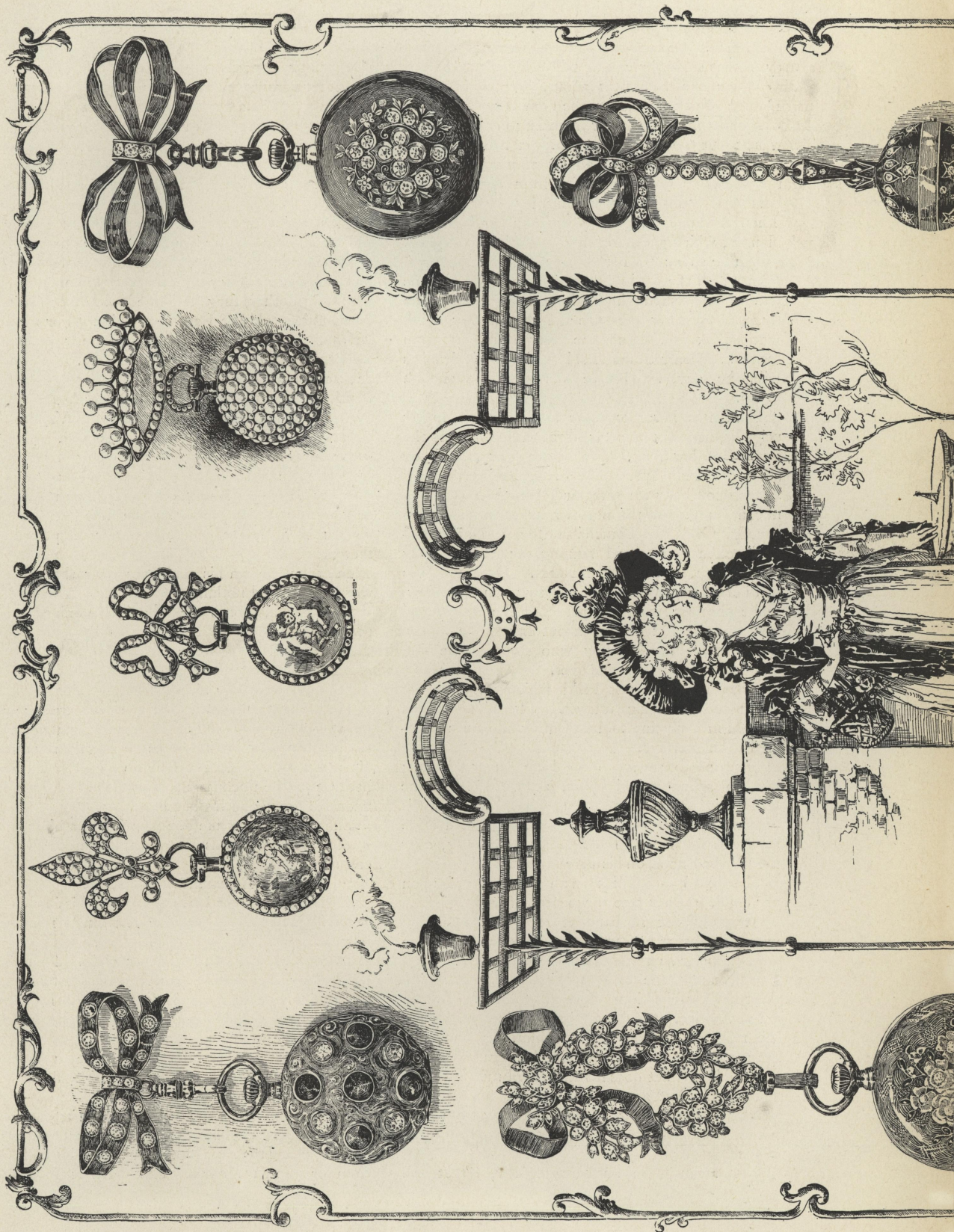
He did not answer her. That was his last blow at fate. After it was dealt he felt like a remorseless murderer.

Désirée went in search of her child. Zandrine was pacing the sombre gallery with it. She took the little one from the nurse's arms with no word of explanation, and descending the steps, walked away, under the live oak branches.

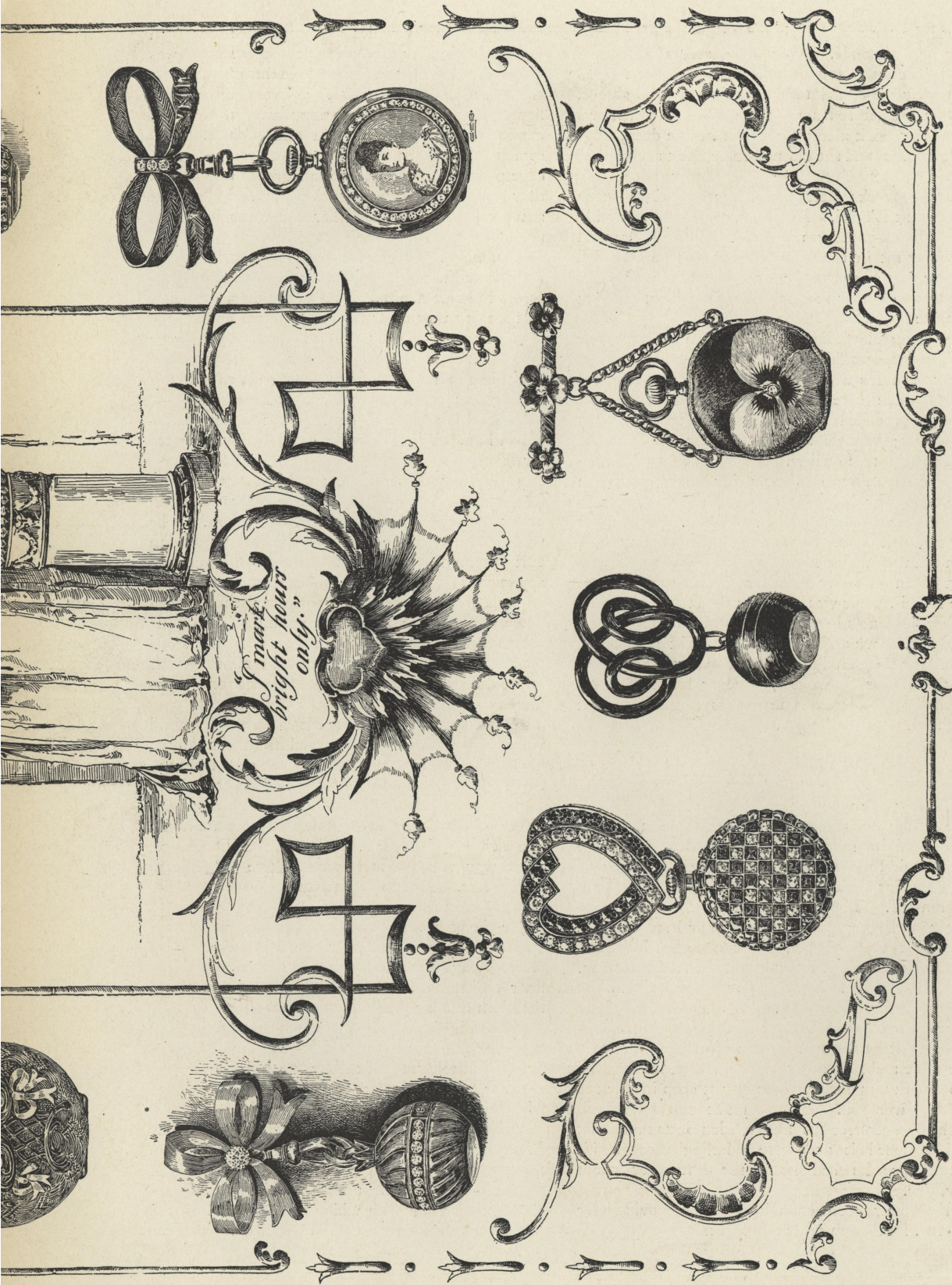
It was an October afternoon. Out in the still fields the negroes were picking cotton; and the sun was just sinking.

Désirée had not changed the thin white garment nor the slippers which she wore. Her head was uncovered and the sun's rays brought a golden gleam from its brown meshes. She did not take the









JEWELLED WATCHES



broad, beaten road which led to the far-off plantation of Valmondé. She walked across a deserted field, where the stubble bruised her tender feet, so delicately shod, and tore her thin gown to shreds.

She disappeared among the reeds and willows that grew thick along the banks of the deep, sluggish bayou; and she did not come back again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some weeks later there was a curious scene enacted at L'Abri. In the centre of the smoothly swept back-yard was a great bonfire. Armand Aubigny sat in the wide hallway that commanded a view of the spectacle; and it was he who dealt out to a half-dozen negroes the material which kept this fire ablaze.

A graceful cradle of willow, with all its dainty furbishings, was laid upon the pyre, which had already been fed with the richness of a priceless layette. Then there were silk gowns, and velvet and satin ones added to these; laces, too, and embroideries; bonnets and gloves—for the corbeille had been of rare quality.

The last thing to go was a tiny bundle of letters; innocent little scribbings that Désirée had sent to him during the days of their espousal. There was the remnant of one back in the drawer from which he took them. But it was not Désirée's. It was part of an old letter from his mother to his father. He read it. She was thanking God for the blessing of her husband's love;

"But, above all," she wrote, "night and day, I thank the good God for having so arranged our lives that our dear Armand will never know that his mother, who adores him, belongs to the race that is cursed with the brand of slavery."

#### THE LOVER OF MENTINE

Every one who came up from Avoyelles had the same story to tell of Mentine. Cher Maître! but she was changed. And there were babies, more than she could well manage; as good as four already. Jules was not kind except to himself. They seldom went to church and never anywhere upon a visit. They lived as poorly as pine-woods people. Doudouce had heard the story often, the last time no later than that morning.

"Ho-a!" he shouted to his mule plumb in the middle of the cotton row. He had staggered along behind the plow since early morning, and of a sudden he felt he had had enough of it. He mounted the mule and rode away to the stable, leaving the plow with its polished blade thrust deep in the red Cane River soil. His head felt like a windmill with the recollections and sudden intentions that had crowded it and were whirling through his brain since he had heard the last story about Mentine.

He knew well enough Mentine would have married him seven years ago had not Jules Troden

come up from Avoyelles and captivated her with his handsome eyes and pleasant speech. He was resigned then, for he held Mentine's happiness above his own. But now she was suffering in a hopeless, common, exasperating way, for the small comforts of life. People had told him so. And somehow, to-day, he could not stand the knowledge passively. He felt he must see those things they spoke of with his own eyes. He must strive to help her and her children if it were possible.

Doudouce could not sleep that night. He lay with wakeful eyes watching the moonlight creep across the bare floor of his room, listening to sounds that seemed unfamiliar and weird down among the rushes along the bayou. But towards morning he saw Mentine as he had seen her last in her white wedding gown and veil. She looked at him with appealing eyes and held out her arms for protection—for rescue, it seemed to him. That dream determined him. The following day Doudouce started for Avoyelles.

Jules Troden's home lay a mile or two from Marksville. It consisted of three rooms strung in a row and opening upon a narrow gallery. The whole wore an aspect of poverty and dilapidation that summer day, towards noon, when Doudouce approached it. His presence outside the gate aroused the frantic barking of dogs that dashed down the steps as if to attack him. Two little brown bare-footed children, a boy and girl, stood upon the gallery staring stupidly at him. "Call off you' dogs," he requested; but they only continued to stare.

"Down, Pluto! down, Achille!" cried the shrill voice of a woman who emerged from the house, holding upon her arm a delicate baby of a year or two. There was only an instant of unrecognition.

"Mais Doudouce, that ent you, comment! Well, if any one would tole me this mornin'! Git a chair. Tit Jules. That's mista Doudouce, f'om way yonda Natchitoches w'ere yo' maman use' to live. Mais, you ent change'; you' lookin' well, Doudouce."

He shook hands in a slow, undemonstrative way, and seated himself clumsily upon the hide-bottomed chair, laying his broad-brimmed felt hat upon the floor beside him. He was very uncomfortable in the cloth Sunday coat which he wore.

"I had business that call' me to Marksville," he began, "an' I say to myse'f, 'tiens, you can't pass by without tell' 'em all howdy.'"

"Par exemp'e! w'at Jules would said to that! Mais, you lookin' well; you ent change', Doudouce."

"An' you lookin' well, Mentine. Jis' the same Mentine." He regretted that he lacked talent to make the lie bolder.

She moved a little uneasily, and felt upon her shoulder for a pin with which to fasten the front of her old gown where it lacked a button. She had



kept the baby in her lap. Doudouce was wondering miserably if he would have known her outside her home. He would have known her sweet, cheerful brown eyes that were not changed. But her figure, that had looked so trim in the wedding gown, was sadly misshapen. She was brown, with skin like parchment, and piteously thin. There were lines, some deep as if old age had cut them about the eyes and mouth.

"An' how you lef' 'em all, yonda?" she asked, in a high voice that had grown shrill from screaming at children and dogs.

"They all well. It's mighty li'le sickness in the country this yea'. But they been lookin' fo' you up yonda, straight along, Mentine."

"Don't talk, Doudouce, it's no chance; with that po' wo' out piece o' lan' w'at Jules got. He say, anotha yea' like that, he's goin' sell out, him."

The children were clutching her on either side, their persistent gaze always fastened upon Doudouce. He tried without avail to make friends with them. Then Jules came home from the field, riding the mule with which he had worked, and which he fastened outside the gate.

"Yere's Doudouce f'om Natchitoches, Jules," called out Mentine "stop' to tell us howdy, en passant." The husband mounted to the gallery and the two men shook hands; Doudouce, listlessly as he had done with Mentine; Jules with some bluster and show of cordiality.

"Well, you a lucky man, you," he exclaimed with his swagger air "able to broad like that, encore! You couldn' do that if you had half-a-dozen mouth' to feed, allez."

"Non, J'te garantie!" agreed Mentine with a loud laugh. Doudouce winced, as he had done the instant before at Jules' heartless implication. This husband of Mentine surely had not changed during the seven years, except to grow broader, stronger, handsomer. But Doudouce did not tell him so.

After the mid-day dinner of boiled salt-pork, corn-bread and molasses, there was nothing for Doudouce but to take his leave when Jules did.

At the gate the little boy was discovered in dangerous proximity to the mule's heels and was properly screamed at and rebuked.

"I reckon he likes hosses" Doudouce remarked. He take' afta you, Mentine. I got a li'le pony yonda home" he said, addressing the child "w'at ent no use to me. I'm goin' sen' 'im down to you. He's a good, tough li'le Mustang. You jis can let 'im eat grass an' feed 'im a han'ful o' co'n, once a wile. An' he's gentle, yes. You an' yo' ma can ride 'im to church, Sunday. Hein? you want?"

"W'at you say, Jules?" demanded the father. "W'at you say?" echoed Mentine who was balanc-

ing the baby across the gate. "Tit Sanvage, va!"

Doudouce shook hands all around, even with the baby, and walked off in the opposite direction to Jules, who had mounted the mule. He was bewildered. He stumbled over the rough ground because of tears that were blinding him and that he had held in check for the past hour.

He had loved Mentine long ago when she was young and attractive, and he found that he loved her still. He had tried to put all disturbing thought of her away, on that wedding day, and he supposed he had succeeded. But he loved her now, as he never had. Because she was no longer beautiful, he loved her. Because the delicate bloom of her existence had been rudely brushed away; because she was in a manner fallen; because she was Mentine, he loved her; fiercely, as a mother loves an afflicted child. He would have liked to thrust that man aside, and gather up her and her children, and hold them and keep them as long as life lasted.

After a moment or two Doudouce looked back at Mentine standing at the gate with her baby. But her face was turned away from him. She was gazing after her husband who went in the direction of the field.

#### THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY

MR. J. M. Barrie possesses genuine wit. This is a rare commodity, therefore Mr. Barrie is a writer to be prized. He has written several books that are popular in America as well as England, and his new play, *The Professor's Love Story*, promises distinctly that he will also be one of the best of present-day dramatists.



There is fulfillment as well as promise in this work. The humor, although it is literary (the charming humor of the book and loses somewhat on the stage), is far above the average wit of the theatre.



It is well sustained, too, until the end. The Professor himself, around whom the circle of incidents swings, is a delightfully whimsical, half-humorous, half-pathetic, wholly lovable creation of flesh and blood. His manifestations of ingenuous ignorance of the fact that he is in love with his charming secretary are a little strained, perhaps, or, rather, seemed strained in the glare of the lamps, but they are executed with all the finish of the literary artist. The weakness of the first two of the three acts lies in the lack of dramatic interest. The fine humor is hardly equal to the strain of carrying the situations. Yet, when the interest is deepened, it is deepened with stage-artifice that is out of harmony with the rest of the structure. The finding, after years, of the absent lover's letter by the hard spinster sister of the Professor in the ancient letter-box, and the consequent softening of her heart toward the secretary, whom she has separated from her brother, is too old a device to be utilized by so original a writer as Mr. Barrie. But we forgive the artifice under the spell of the second half of the last act, which is one of the best pieces of dramatic writing given to the stage for many a year.



The shadowy picture of the happiness of the Professor and his sweetheart, on the window-shades of his little cottage, the discomfiture of the scheming dowager and her mercenary relatives, who try to help her secure the absent-minded scholar, the inimitable scenes between Scotch Effie and her rival Scotch lovers, our old friends of *The Window in Thrums*, are triumphs of unique and admirable dramatic writing. They would win success for an otherwise mediocre play. But *The Professor's Love Story* is not mediocre. It is flimsy in plot, a little too bookish, perhaps, a little weak in construction, but oh, how good it is to see revealed the springs of genuine wit!

Mr. Willard was in perfect sympathy with the character of the Professor, which he presented with that finish and fine intelligence for which he is distinguished. The support was unusually good; even the flavor of the rustics was preserved.



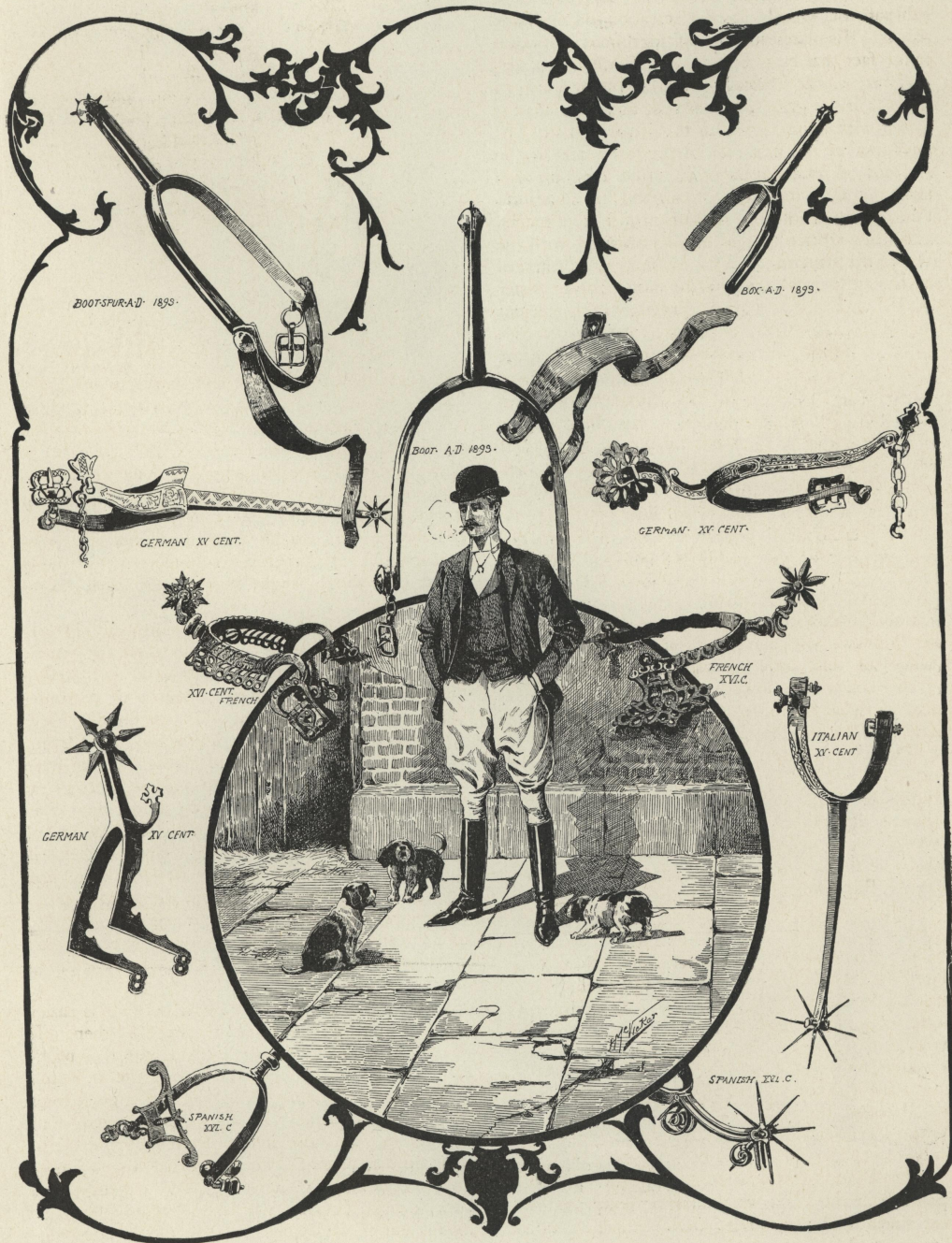
#### AS SEEN BY HIM

I Fear men too often think that they are under little or no obligation to women who, as their hostesses, have either entertained them or invited them to their houses. To dance up to a woman in a cotillon who has dined and wined you, and hand her impressively some little knick-knack made of papier mâché or of more common pasteboard, provided by your hostess of the evening, may be very generous in theory but it certainly is an exceedingly slight repaying of social obligations.

If you are a bachelor—and I address myself particularly to this class, as I can give them the benefit of long experience in this rôle—you can find a number of methods during the season of returning the hospitality which you have received. New York men are doing this more and more every year, and the most delightful parties which have been given during the past two seasons, were given by unmarried men in just such a worthy cause. Indeed, I know of a theatre club, which is one of the most fashionable in the city, that is operated entirely on a reciprocity basis. Besides the regular subscription for theatre stalls and stages, each bachelor connected therewith is expected in his turn to give the supper, and a certain afternoon each week is set apart for the women to entertain the club at tea.

Should you live in chambers, nothing is easier than a bachelor entertainment now and then. If you are economical, two or three of you will probably live together. Then the next economy would be to have your man. You can get a good valet for a comparatively modest sum, which will amount to very little indeed if the expense is divided among several. Such an acquisition is really a true economy. Your clothes, hats and shoes will always look nice and will last twice as long, your rooms will be well kept and a hundred little comforts will be attended to, for which you have otherwise to pay to outsiders small sums each day. At







the end of the year you will be thankful for the suggestion. If you wish to entertain at your rooms, a man is a necessity and a comfort as well.

The most attractive and convenient form of amusing people is by giving an afternoon tea or a musicale. Get some jolly matron to chaperone the party and secure celebrity to draw the crowd—not that you have not sufficient powers of fascination, my dear fellow—but then you know, one must offer some extra inducement. There is so much competition these days. Avoid the “studio tea” form of entertainment, as you would a serpent. Have a “Bohemian” or two, if you insist, but not too many. In fact, “Bohemians,” have to be more than usually interesting, to prove even presentable. There is no “Bohemia” in this country. It simply means people who pose and think they are artistic or literary or musical, but they are only very disreputable as to personal appearance, neglecting to trim their hair, or to don fresh linen, and they are decidedly prone to overlook the much needed attentions of a manicure. Bohemia means all this, with the addition of dyspepsia born of wretched half-dollar table d’hôte dinners, where the pleasures of the world are seen too darkly through a dim glass of very dubious green mint.

If you are obliged to economize, do not do so on your wine or on your table. Should you wish to be original, or to give something new in the way of refreshments, perhaps some punch or some cup may be compounded after a new recipe, in generous proportions. But eschew “home-made” dishes or strange compounds. Trust to a good caterer, even if he serves the old conventional

thing. Have your table prettily decorated, and let your hospitality seem boundless. I do not mean by that to overload it. For a luncheon three or four courses, not including sweets or the oysters, are sufficient. In one respect I would, perhaps, have a word with my caterer, and that word would be “exclude timbales.” I do not like timbales. I was a guest at a supper this winter, after the play, where the restaurateur provided almost nothing—at least it seemed to me—but timbales, and I was obliged to have recourse to my chafing dish when I returned home, half-famished.

A theatre party is also a very excellent method of returning civilities. Lent is a good time for this

diversion. Have your guests meet at the house of the chaperone, and then go in a stage. That is the jolliest way. The limit as to number should be twelve. After the be served at a very taurant, and for think the main room ate dining-room, is



play supper should well known res—such an occasion, I and not the priv—preferable. Women like to see other women and to be seen themselves. The table can be reserved for you. Let it be decorated with one centre-piece of flowers, but give neither favors nor boutonnières. That fashion is antiquated.

I would suggest,

in ordering a conventional but always agreeable little supper oysters, consommé or clam broth, terrapin or chicken salad, birds (or broiled chicken, with salad, in place of these); ices, claret, champagne and coffee.

Frenchmen return courtesies by sending on New Year's day a hideous silk box of candied fruits or chocolates to every woman who has entertained them in the course of the year. The children of the family look forward to these offerings and they are sold and bought by the dozen at the Paris shops during the holidays. We send flowers, bonbons occasionally, and there our limit ends.

I think we are more addicted to mailing cards. These must be sent on the day of the entertainment, if you do not attend it. The fashion in visiting cards has changed very little in the past few years. They should be of stiff bristol board, long and more narrow than wide, and the name should never be engraved in anything else than script. Printed and raised letters and ornamental cards are not the correct thing. The “Mr.” before the name is always preserved, and one's residence or club address can be placed in the right hand corner or you can have both. I think it is wise to have your club address, even if you do not put the club name but simply the street number, such as—Fifth Avenue—so that wherever you may be, your letters will always come to the one place. An Englishman always gives his club name and address and never his house, street and number. No one is supposed to know (unless you are invited to his chambers) where a bachelor lives. His club is his home.







THE FOUR ACES—SECOND SEASON—DIAMONDS



## SONGS IN SEASON \*

ONE of our more sensible fads just now is to study our immediate ancestors. They are near enough to have a human as well as a ghostly interest for us, and far enough away for us to speak freely of their imperfections. They cannot retaliate—a purely ancestral virtue.

We look with special interest at the bewigged and beruffled belles and beaux of the XVIII century, because there are certain present tendencies of dress and manner which relate directly to that period—to the English world of fashion which went out of town in May to scent the new mown hay or to drink the water of Bath and Lambeth Wells, and came back in October to be carried about in their sedan chairs to auction rooms, routs, ridottos, riots and assemblies, even to “hurricanes,” that last an ingenious term for describing the whirlwinds of gambling then in vogue. We cannot but ask these preëxistent friends of ours to pardon us if we feel that we are a little less artificial and a little more refined than they were; if we decide that we are more frankly fashionable and less frankly—vulgar. We do not pose as shepherd Damons and Palæmons, piping mournful ditties to Cloelias and Philises, nor do we clatter about as milkmaids crowned with paper daisies. We doubt if one of our athletic leaders of the german will leave to posterity a passage like this from the notebook of a young man of quality:

“In the morning I arose, took my great stick and walked out in my green frock, with my hair in papers, and sauntered about till ten.

Went to the Auction; told Lady B. she had a dirty face—laughed heartily at something Captain S. said (I can’t remember what for I did not very well hear it)—whispered Lord—bowed to the Duke of—and was going to bid for a snuff-box, but did not for fear I should have had it.”

And we doubt if one of our feminine social leaders will justify posterity in relating of her an anecdote like that which Lord Campbell relates of the Duchess of Marlborough: “Calling to consult Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, the Duchess would not leave her name; but his clerk in describing her, said, ‘I could not make out, sir, who she was, but she swore so dreadfully that she must be a lady of quality.’”

But this is the musty odor from the antique pot-pourri jar we are opening. A strong fragrance of the roses comes to us also from the fluttering leaves. And it is in reality the dainty side of the old English life of fashion that the poet now sings about, and the man and maiden copy.

Perhaps the happiest of the holiday happy thoughts was that which resulted in Beau Bro-

cade, and Other Poems of the XVIII Century, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. Although the poems have been published before, four of them in *Old World Idylls*, and four in *At the Sign of the Lyre*, they have the charm of novelty in this fortunate grouping. Individually they illustrate several distinct types of the time, and collectively they impress upon us its atmosphere. Beau Brocade the dashing highwayman, and Devonshire Dolly plump and red, who brings the Beau to grief and Tyburn Tree, where he gallantly declares in his final speech, that he “rather admires the jade”; dear Madam Placid, for whom time itself grows debonnaire, whose art-work is samplers, and her luxury, elder wine; the old-school gentleman whose Christian name was John, his surname Leisure, and who with serene conscience “caressed the angler’s easy ways”; sweet Phyllida, with buckled shoon and russet gown, and the ladies of St. James with their essences and stately phrases. —Of these we say as the poet says of the Dead Letter in its China Tomb:

Though we to-day  
Distrust beliefs and powers,  
The artless ageless things you say,  
Are fresh as May’s own flowers.

One reason why we all like Dobson’s poems, (and for the same reason we all like the *vers de société* of Andrew Lang and Frederick Locker), is that they afford relief from the morbid self-analysis of the age. They obey the unwritten commandment: “Be cheerful and you will be good.”

In the same key of cheerfulness,—in music the key would be A major,—are written *Songs of Sunrise Lands* by Clinton Scollard, and *Rings and Love-Knots* by Samuel Minturn Peck. Both these volumes have a touch of old-worldliness about them, though in one it is the glowing imagery of the sphynx-like east and the classic elegance of Greece that delight us, and in the other the “old-timiness” of the early English ballad singers and of the world of Nature herself. A fascinating instance of Scollard’s delightful gift of melody is “Elim-in-ah-do,” which reminds of Tennyson’s “Frater ave atque vale;” for it is Swinburnian in sound but has a basis of sense. Mr. Scollard’s color-scheme may be caught from these lines in another poem:

“For sherbet and song and roses, with a love-smile flashed  
between,  
Recur like the beat of a measure in the life of a Dama-  
scene.”

Mr. Peck, who seems a modern combination of Moore and Præd, sends his muse to take butterfly flights about fields, gardens, orchards, garrets and drawing-rooms, to hover about lads and lasses making love, and to hint in the flying that the ancients more wise than we, held the butterfly a symbol of immortality.

\* Beau Brocade and Other Poems of the XVIII Century. Fifty Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. London: Kegan Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Songs of Sunrise Lands. Clinton Scollard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rings and Love-Knots. Samuel Minturn Peck. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.



# VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 14, 1893

## SOCIETY

Society must feel grateful to the Vaudeville Club for infusing a little leaven into the monotony of dining and dancing which has thus far marked the season. The Club will, in a measure, take the place of the opera as a fashionable lounging place. While it cannot be said that society has always appreciated the merits of an opera, there was always a satisfaction in seeing and being seen there. The club aspires to something beyond the variety stage performance as will be shown by subsequent evenings. A number of gay box parties were on hand for the opening on Tuesday night, at the bidding of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Marié, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Preble Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White, Miss Breese, the only feminine member of the club, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven and Mr. James Otis.

The second Patriarch ball was not so crowded as the first, and therefore all the more agreeable, as it gave opportunity for display of fine gowns. Miss Cora Randolph looked every inch a queen, or at least a princess, in a gown of opalescent satin with the balloon-like sleeves so much affected this winter. Mrs. Reginald Henshaw Ward wore, beyond doubt, the most striking gown of the ball, of a satin more brilliant in its red coloring than the Cardinal's robe, combined with white velvet and numerous diamond ornaments. Mrs. Kernochan lent a certain amount of effulgence to the dowager's robe in a gown of flame colored velvet with diamonds plentifully besprinkled on the corsage.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who made her début for the season at a Delmonico ball, wore with her beautiful gown of white satin and steel embroidery, a string of pearls which attracted the attention of every one, so beautiful was each single pearl. This adornment was worn around the neck dropping loosely over the corsage, caught up here and there by a diamond brooch. It has already been immortalized in Porter's portrait of "Julien Gordon." Some one asked the novelist where so beautiful a jewel came from? Said Mrs. Cruger "From literature."

It is an open secret that Julien Gordon aspires to be a playwright and it is known to certain managers and others that her novel *A Puritan Pagan* is being adapted for the stage by the fair writer and a young dramatist of New York.

It is a hopeful sign that society is at last awakening from its lethargic condition of mutual admiration by the frequent introduction to the dinner table and in the ball room of prominent members of the dramatic profession. At the Assembly ball last week Mr. John Drew was a guest, and

it was not for the first time. Mr. Drew and his charming wife are frequently met at Sunday dinners, that being the only time possible for them to accept dinner invitations. If the representative women of society who are subscribers to the Assemblies can afford to invite to their exclusive balls such clever and attractive people, why do the Patriarchs fail to follow their example?

In England, especially in London, the life of a great artist, actor or singer, combines with the glamor and excitement of his profession the finish of that circle of humanity known as society. In court circles the actor is welcomed, and at the Marlborough House Garden parties where many of the outside world knock in vain for admission, the great painters, actors and opera singers are always in evidence. New York society is fortunately just awakening to the fact that it needs just such influences to make the humdrum life of the winter bearable.

A singularly beautiful wrap was worn by one of the brides of the week. It was of the finest white *crêpe de chine*, embroidered with a bamboo tree design, which to the Celestials is the tree of life. The workmanship was of that exquisite style which marks everything Oriental, representing the labor of six months. The wrap and the bridal gown were both placed in the treasure chest, perhaps never to be worn again.

Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, who never concerns herself with trifles, gave another sumptuous feast on Wednesday night, a dinner of eighty, with a dance following. Perhaps after all it is better to concentrate one's dining list and have done with it. The library, which served in turn for dining room and ballroom, will comfortably dance a cotillon of about forty couples. Dr. and Mrs. Webb's dance on the same night was also restricted to a small number of guests. It is a question if small and intimate parties, except at a country house, will be permitted to survive now that society is obliged to enlarge its circle to such a degree. It is only a matter of time when all dances will be the same as given by Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. James Burden, when dancing was general. The cotillon in London is almost unheard of, and it is probable that its day in New York is limited, even in dancing school circles.

The Nikisch Subscription Concert at the house of Mr. and Mrs. H. Le Grand Cannon, last night, was the occasion for a distinctly brilliant gathering. This afternoon, at Mrs. Henry B. Livingston's house, in West Tenth Street, the Adamowski Quartette will play for those lovers of chamber music who have been fortunate enough to be asked to subscribe.



# VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

## COMING EVENTS

Saturday, January 14th.—Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, 8 East Twenty-ninth Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. John D. Wing, Miss Wing, 16 West Forty-ninth Street. First of three receptions.  
 Adamowski Quartette. Mrs. Henry Livingston, 18 West Tenth Street.  
 Mrs. L. K. Wilmerding, 57 West Fifty-third Street. Dinner.  
 Mrs. George L. Reeves, 14 West Thirty-eighth Street. Tableaux.

Monday, January 16th.—Mrs. Winslow Sherman, 24 East Fifty-third Street. Second of four receptions.  
 Miss Butler, 78 Park Avenue. First of two receptions.  
 Mrs. Charles F. Chandler, Mrs. Ernest Pellew, 51 East Fifty-fourth Street. Second of four receptions.  
 Mrs. Edward Foote, Miss Foote, 40 East Twenty-fifth Street. Reception.  
 Robertson-Fiedler. Grace Church, 3 P. M.  
 Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftyth Street. Mondays in January and February.  
 Mrs. L. Mortimer Thorn, Miss Thorn, 23 West Sixteenth Street. Second of three receptions.  
 Mrs. Horace Barnard, Miss Barnard, 26 East Thirty-fifth Street. Mondays until Lent.  
 Mrs. William Thorne, the Misses Thorne, Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, 22 West Fifty-third Street. Mondays in January and February.  
 General and Mrs. Alexander S. Webb, 16 Lexington Avenue. Dinner.  
 Cotillon. Delmonico's.  
 Mrs. Grosvenor Lowry, Miss Lowry, 121 Madison Avenue. Last of four receptions.

Tuesday, January 17th.—Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Miss Thorne, 8 East Fifty-fifth Street. Tuesdays in January.  
 Mrs. George T. Adey, 13 West Forty-eighth Street. Tuesdays.  
 Mrs. Moller, Miss Moller, 32 West Thirty-seventh Street. First of three receptions.  
 Mrs. George G. DeWitt, 70 East Fifty-fifth Street. First of three receptions.  
 Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in January and February.  
 Mrs. Charles de Kay, 103 East Fifteenth Street. Second and last reception.  
 Mrs. John A. Hadden, Mrs. Torrance, 379 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in January.  
 Mrs. Erving, the Misses Erving, 6 West Twenty-second Street. Tuesdays in January.  
 Mrs. Paul Tuckerman, 44 West Twenty-first Street. Tuesdays in January.  
 Mrs. Bacon, Miss Bacon, 22 West Tenth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.  
 Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, North Madison Square. Dinner.  
 Mr. E. F. Stokes, Miss Stokes, 8 West Fifty-third Street. Evening reception.  
 First meeting Tuesday evening dancing-class. Sherry's.

Wednesday, January 18th.—Mrs. Colden Murray, 54 West Twenty-fifth Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. N. Denton Smith, the Misses Smith, 17 West Seventeenth Street. Wednesdays in January.  
 Mrs. William B. Williams, Miss Williams, 25 West Twentieth Street. Wednesdays in January.  
 Mrs. H. Ruthven Pratt, 21 West Thirty-ninth Street. Wednesdays.  
 Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman, 24 West Thirty-ninth Street. Wednesdays in January.

Mrs. Edward Fuller, Miss Easton, 35 East Thirty-sixth Street. Wednesdays in January.  
 Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Dinner dance.

Thursday, January 19th.—Arguadin-Del Valle. St. Patrick's Cathedral, 11 o'clock.  
 Hooper-Holt. Church of the Heavenly Rest.  
 Mrs. J. Howard Wainwright, 22 West Forty-sixth Street. First of two receptions.  
 Mrs. Francis R. Appleton, 26 East Thirty-seventh Street. Thursdays in January.  
 Mrs. Frederick B. Jennings, 86 Park Avenue. Thursdays in January and February.  
 Mrs. Charles C. Tiffany, 37 East Thirty-ninth Street. Thursdays in January.  
 Mrs. George McCulloch Miller, the Misses Miller, 270 Madison Avenue. Thursdays in January.  
 Mrs. E. Bergh Brown, Miss Florence Bergh Brown, 309 Madison Avenue. Second and last Reception.  
 Mrs. Franklin Harper, 42 West Forty-ninth Street. Thursdays in January and February.  
 Mrs. Henry D. Babcock, 21 West Forty-ninth Street. Thursdays until Lent.  
 Mrs. Henry C. Hawley, the Misses Hawley, 16 West Thirty-third Street. Thursdays in January.  
 Mrs. Valentine Mott and Mrs. Pennington Tailor. First of two receptions.

Friday, January 20th.—Mrs. Schuyler Neilson Warren, 166 Lexington Avenue. Fridays.  
 Mrs. Julien T. Davies, 17 West Ninth Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mr. and Mrs. August Hecksher, 1047 Fifth Avenue. Fridays in January.  
 Miss Malvina Appleton, 28 Fifth Avenue. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. E. C. Hurlbut, Miss Childs, 125 East Fifty-seventh Street. Second of three receptions.  
 Mrs. J. Hobart Herrick, the Misses Herrick, Mrs. Clarence Wilde, 77 West Sixty-eighth Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. Franklin Paddock, Miss Paddock, 17 West Tenth Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. Richard Somers Hayes, 30 East Thirty-fifth Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. Algernon S. Sullivan, Miss Tilford, 16 West Eleventh Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. W. Harman Brown, 111 East Sixteenth Street. Fridays in January.  
 Mrs. George B. Post, Jr., 29 Washington Square. Fridays in January.  
 Miss de Forest, Miss Callender, 7 East Seventy-second Street. Evening musicale.  
 Mr. Henry Dudley, the Misses Dudley, 56 West Fifty-seventh Street. Dinner dance.  
 General and Mrs. Louis Fitzgerald.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Hooker Hammersley.  
 Mrs. Frederick Goodridge.

Saturday, January 21st.—Mrs. Louis Bell, Mrs. Brann's Dancing class. Sherry's.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, 9 East Thirty-fourth Street. Dinner.

Monday, January 23rd.—Last meeting Monday evening. Dancing class. Sherry's.  
 Mrs. Foote, Miss Foote, 29 East Twenty-fifth Street. Reception.

Tuesday, January 24th.—Dancing class. Mrs. John T. Hall. Sherry's.

Wednesday, January 25th.—Humbert-Kipp.  
 Mrs. W. C. Whitney. Dinner dance.



## SAILINGS

Sailed from New York, S. S. Columbia, January 5, 1893.  
—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Allien, Mr. Edward M. Bulkley, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harriman, Mr. H. W. Kent, Mr. John L. Lawrence, Miss Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Rutherford, Mr. Theodore S. Woolsey, Miss Edith Woolsey, Mrs. G. H. Warren, Mr. Lloyd Warren, Mr. J. S. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Sheldon.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

**T**he charming ball gown in our illustration on page 67 shows some features of the Empire style, while in others it follows the mode of the last season. The low-necked gown on the standing figure is of pale green satin, made in princess shape, and veiled with a silk tissue of white ground embroidered in a flowered design mingled with scrolls. Silks of various hues are used in the embroidery, and there is much use made of gold thread. This loose hanging tunic is mounted in gathers far above the waist line and is confined by a band of green and gold. Above the band the material is gathered in with a pale green ribbon and fastened by a bow of the same. The embroidered tissue covers the green satin puffed sleeves, and ends in a full ruffle reaching below the elbow. Long suede gloves are worn with this toilette.

The seated figure wears a gown of amber satin. The skirt is quite plain, trimmed around the edge with a band of sable. The bodice of the same is slightly pointed, and covered with a network of bronze gold. A Figaro vest, finished at the breast with a knot of amber satin, is of bronze velvet, cut low in the neck, and bordered with sable. The large puffed sleeves are of the satin, finished at the elbow with a band of fur. A number of rows of tiny gold beads form a collar which encircles the throat.

Fanciful muff of pansy-colored velvet, lined with pale mauve satin, and finished on top by a bow of velvet ribbon in four loops and two long ends. (Page 68, in a circle at top of page.)

Gown of soft wool of a pale gray color (page 68). The skirt is quite plain and fastens over the corsage, where it is finished by a black velvet ribbon, ending in a bow with long ends at the side. The corsage is wrapped over the bust and fastened at the side. The yoke and collar are of black velvet embroidered in jet, and a Watteau of the gray wool falls from the yoke behind to the bottom of the skirt. The wide puffed sleeves are of gray and silver brocade. They reach almost to the elbow, where they are met by tight sleeves of jet embroidered velvet. The hat is of gray felt with undulating brim and a crown of black velvet. A plume of feathers is placed in front, and a narrow roll of black velvet is seen under the brim, about an inch from the edge. The gloves are of gray suede, and the muff of black fox is lined with gray satin.

The livery of coachman and footman is a serious consideration with people who keep carriages. The men must be close shaven for instance, and should be of the same size and look as much like each other as possible. The livery of the footman (page 78) consists of a very light drab melton cloth coat with small collar of the same. The coat is double breasted and the buttons are either brass or silver according to the plating of the harness which they must match. The coat while quite long is short enough to show the top boots which are always worn, winter as well as summer. A silk hat and plain white standing collar complete the costume. The coachmen with beards who appear on the same page are examples of what is most incorrect. While bearded and mustached men are sometimes seen in handsome equipages—their presence simply denotes a lack of knowledge or carelessness as to detail on the part of their employers.

Evening gown of pale pink silk, with narrow black velvet stripes (page 79). The skirt is gored in front, and made with a demi-train. A thick ruche of the material, cut on the bias, finishes the bottom. The waist is cut V shape and has narrow revers of black velvet bordered with jet. A corselet waist of black velvet has a stomacher of jet, and two sash-like draperies heavily trimmed with jet which fall over the front of the skirt. The sleeves, which are full and wide, are of black velvet and reach to the elbow.

Among the watches shown on the middle pages of this issue, the exquisite one in the extreme upper left corner is of East Indian gold, richly chased, and set with alternate rose diamonds and cabuchan rubies. The dainty chatelaine pin is in the form of a knot of ribbon in dark blue enamel, set with diamonds, each diamond in a rim of Etruscan gold. The hours are marked in Roman numerals, and there is a rim around the face of alternate small rubies and diamonds.

The one next is a charming little watch of enamel, with Watteau painting on enamel. It is closely set with pearls around the edge. The pin in the form of a fleur-de-lys, is thickly encrusted with pearls.

Next it is one set in pearls with an enamel painting after Boucher. Its minute size and exquisite workmanship make it a veritable gem. The simulated ribbon bow and ends forming the pin are of light blue enamel set with pearls.

Number four is a watch entirely encrusted with pearls and is held by a coronet pin set in pearls, with nine points, each ending in a pearl.

Number five is a watch of rather larger size than those previously described and is noticeable for its artistic decoration. It is in dark blue enamel, with delicate floral design, composed entirely of diamonds. The chatelaine is a double bow knot of dark blue enamel the exact shade of the watch, the knot in the centre being set with three diamonds.

Number six (under No. 1) is also a watch of medium size and shows a unique design of the Louis Seize period. Upon the ground of dark blue is an open work basket of green enamel, tied at each side with a bow of turquoise blue and filled with tiny flowers in natural colors. A diamond sparkles in the centre of each flower. The chatelaine pin is a reversible bow of dark blue enamel and gold, its flowing lines mingled with a garland of wild roses formed of diamonds, their petals outlined with gold.

Number seven (under No. 5) is a charming little watch, in the shape of a ball of red enamel set with diamonds. A band of gold encircles the centre of the ball. The face of the watch is in the lower end. The little chain of diamonds set in gold connects it with a bow of red enamel which is ornamented with diamonds.

Number eight (under No. 6) is a ball of fluted gold, with a band of dark blue enamel set in diamonds around the centre. The bow is of gold, with one large diamond in the centre.

Number nine (under No. 7) is a watch of rich red gold, ornamented with a charmingly executed miniature on ivory, set round with diamonds. Chatelaine bow of gold with three diamonds in the knot.

Number ten (the one at left in lowest part of the design) shows a checker-board pattern in alternate squares of dark blue enamel and diamonds, the squares designated by fine lines of gold. The pin is heart shaped, with double outline, one in plain blue enamel, the other in diamonds set in gold.

Number eleven is a diminutive watch set in a ball of brilliant black enamel, with central band designated by gold lines. The graceful pin is also in black enamel. This watch is intended to be worn by a lady in mourning.

Number twelve, the last of the collection, is an enamelled pansy watch in exquisite colors of rich purple and mauve. Two chains of delicate gold attach it to the pin which is a simple bar of gold, set with three small pansies in the same colorings as the watch. (These watches are purchasable of Tiffany & Co. and Howard & Co.)



## SOME SPUR LORE

IT is perhaps because the spur is the last visible remnant of the days of chivalry that no rider can feel his equipment to be complete unless he has the "armed heel"—if nothing else—of his mighty progenitor. Some such hypothesis must be resorted to if we would explain satisfactorily to ourselves the wearing of spurs by all sorts and conditions of men, from the true horseman, who uses them discreetly and with reserve, as a gentleman should, to the greenhorn, whose left foot knows not what his right foot is doing.

The ethics of spur wearing may safely be left to writers on horsemanship, who, with one accord, will protest against their use by the tyro, and will refer many a hunting-field accident to the awkwardness of an unaccustomed wearer of sharp rowels. These words are addressed rather to the man who has won his spurs by knowing how to use them, whether that man be in South America, for whose market the "jingling rowel" is still made, in the Park, the polo or the hunting-field, or the Southern States, where, on the principle that one side of a horse is not apt to go much faster than the other side, a single pair of spurs will often furnish forth two horsemen to their own complete satisfaction. It is not too great a flight of fancy to imagine, in examining a collection of old spurs, that they reveal by their forms, a good deal of the distinctive character of their dead and gone wearers, or at the very least, of the characteristics of the nation to which they belonged. Look, for instance, at the specimens of fifteenth and sixteenth century work (see page 77) at the graceful flagree, a little overdone perhaps, in Rococo style, of the French spurs with their flower-like rowels; at the solidity and purposeful air of the German ones, with their really artistic adornment of chasing, reminding one of the bugler character, with its combined homeliness and love of art, at the slim elegance of the Italian, with the cruel needle pointed rowel, and last of all, at the neat, workmanlike, fin-de-siècle spur at the top of the page, as practical, keen and well turned out as its wearer of to-day.

Fascinating as is the study of old spurs to the artist, the archaeologist or the collector, the array to be found in the shop of a well-equipped saddler affords as much interest to the practical horseman and a variety as surprising to the uninitiated. Well informed riders might rashly tell you that outside of the box or boot spur, the straight or goose neck, the sharp or dull rowel, but little variety could be found nowadays, but this would be to speak without considering the vast number of differing tastes, as well as purposes to be catered to. Take the one point of length of neck; the regular trade sizes range from three-quarters of an inch to three and a half or even four inches, and that in the varied shapes, which may be described as goose-neck, swan-neck or straight. In rowels there is at least as much choice. There are the closely-toothed, dull rowels, which, fortunately for the horse, find the best sale; the sharp rowels, the needle spur or sheathed rowel (not necessarily sharp); the dumb rowel, a sort of rosette, such as is used on the heavy regulation brass spur of the English army; a sharp rowel set crossways in the spur, and much used in the South as well as for exercise spurs in racing stables; the simple round knob with which polo spurs are often finished, to the infinite relief of the ponies; and last, highly to be commended to the man who is desirous of being completely equipped, while not at all sure what tricks his heels may play him—a silver dime is often set in the neck of the spur, where it looks just as well as a sharp-toothed rowel, and is much safer. In weight, spurs range from the big nickel-plated affair weighing almost a quarter of a pound and fastened with a massive chain, which is "regulation U. S. A.," through successive sizes of hunting and polo spurs to the racing spur of an ounce weight, which looks among its congeners like a thoroughbred among Shire horses.

The ladies are well provided for, not only by the ordi-

nary boot spur with sheathed rowels, but by the "Suwar-row" the small neat "needle spur," and also by the single spring point inserted in the handle of a crop, or more recently, in the end of a whangee cane. If caution in the use of the spurs is to be recommended to a man, it should be still more urgently enforced on a woman, who is not only much more helpless in case of an accident, but—dare we say—is also much more liable to use them unnecessarily and even cruelly. Two more spurs remain to be mentioned not merely on their merits but as curious instances of reversion of type. The first of these is one with a screw shank and sheathed point—a small light affair scarcely three inches long, ready to affix to any boot-heel and approximating two of the very earliest forms of spur known to antiquarians and described (by Mondfaucou) as "small points of iron fastened to a little plate of metal fixed to the shoe in the side of the heel" and worn by the French peasants even as late as his day. The second, a French production called the "trouser spur" made with a neck so intricately curved in an S shape that only the rowel appears below the trousers, finds its prototype in the elaborate curls and twists of old English and Spanish spurs. As to the four inch necks which must find a sale or they would not be so plenty in the shops, it is more difficult to account for them than for the immensely long ones of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when the "flanchers" or huge steel plates of horse armor kept the rider's heels well away from his horse; unless indeed we are prepared to accept the explanation—which is a plausible one on the face of it—that they are intended for long-legged men on small ponies.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

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## A NEW CHORD

IN the Jubilee number of Life, Mr. Mitchell, the editor, gives an entertaining history of its early struggles that will be read with genuine admiration for his fortitude and abiding faith. He and his associates deserve all the success they have, for we doubt if ever any other journal has had as heartrending an experience as Life in achieving its present prosperity and its reputation for cleverness and entertaining qualities.

Life, at its inception, was hard lines for many months. "During this period," Mr. Mitchell writes, "it was alarming to reflect upon the number of intelligent Americans who got along comfortably without purchasing our paper. We also noticed with regret a want of ardor among many news-dealers in the city, who apparently saw no necessity for keeping it on sale. We sometimes discovered, particularly in out-of-the-way quarters, that the dealers had tried to sell it, but had given it up because nobody wanted to buy it."

The first number of Life bore date of January 4th, 1883. When the returns were made on the third issue it was discovered that hardly a copy had been sold, and the freezing fact had developed that the public cared too little for Life to pay ten cents for it.

All of this is most interesting to Vogue. We have looked anxiously for a repetition of this depressing experience, and happily find none of it. Vogue was an instantaneous success, and it is an astounding success still. Of the first issue of 25,000 copies the news company took 10,000, and twice called for more and then could not supply the demand. The second issue sold equally well. The third demonstrated that Vogue had struck a popular chord; the fourth that the regular sale numbered into the thousands, and before the first year will have elapsed that 25,000 copies a week will not more than supply the weekly call. News-stands that sold ten copies of number one now sell 150 to 250 every week. This statement can be easily verified

by anyone who has curiosity enough to enquire at such booths as those of the Grand Central Station, the New Jersey Ferries and the prominent book shops that deal in first-class papers. In one week 2400 requests for sample copies reached the publication office. It has become fashionable to have Vogue in the drawing-room.

The reasons for these facts we do not pretend to give. Newspapers, like theatres and hotels, are inscrutable in their power to charm. Where one attracts another will be shunned, all things in both apparently being equal. The judgment of special critics as to what should make success is of very little value. Success is success, and that seems to sum it all. That Vogue is different in motive from any other periodical, that it endeavors to rival or emulate none of its contemporaries, that it has no quarrel to pick with anyone, that it is clean and pleasant, we do know. And we do know that it is supplying to its readers the best text and drawings that a liberal expenditure can procure. Aside from this we are unable to account for the favor it enjoys unless it be its adoption by Fashion.

Nothing since the Horse Show is comparable with Vogue in this regard. Subscriptions have come into the office far more numerous than was anticipated. It would seem as if Society had taken it up as part of its natural possessions, and that its mail lists would soon be as crowded as the Madison Square Garden ever has been. In three weeks from its first day of publication, nearly a thousand names were entered upon its subscription list. If this is not extraordinary, in view of Life's career, we are at a loss to know how it should be described.

We have had to print 25,000 copies of each number—no less quantity would supply the

actual demand from newsdealers, subscribers, and calls for sample copies.

Our advertisers have expressed themselves as abundantly satisfied, and it is generally conceded that no more attractive, picturesque, and effective advertisements have ever appeared. As the spring trade opens, we expect to see this side of Vogue develop with rapidity. Early January is the nethermost depths of dullness for nearly all forms of trade. Still Vogue has its share of advertisements and a little more, and we do not have to seek providential aid as Life, which says of its business manager: "Miller was, perhaps, accomplishing a yet greater miracle in securing advertisements for a paper with no circulation, and collecting a revenue from sales when no copies were sold." Vogue has a definite, valued circulation to-day among people who are accustomed to luxurious surroundings, who use costly things, who know the difference between common goods and fine, who not only merely like but absolutely need a periodical which treats Fashion and Society as a substantial fact of daily life, and who are thankful for advertisements which guide them with picturesqueness, apart from verbal statement.

And will anyone gainsay the profound wisdom of the saying that "What most people are most serious about is the playthings of life."

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